

## Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

*Fra.* So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,  
A whole Armado of convicted faile  
Is scattered and dis-joyn'd from fellowship.  
*Pand.* Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.  
*Fra.* What can goe well, when we have runne so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
*Arthur* taken prisoner? diuers deere friends slaine?  
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,  
Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France*?

*Dol.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified:  
So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this?

*Fra.* Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,  
So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Look who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,  
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,  
In the wilde prison of afflicted breath:  
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

*Con.* Lo; now: now see the issue of your peace.

*Fra.* Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance*.

*Con.* No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,  
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:

Death, death, O amiable, louely death,

Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottenesse,

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,

And I will kisse thy detestable bones,

And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,

And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,

And stop this gap of breath with fullsome dust,

And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;

Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou siml'st,

And buste thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,

O come to me.

*Fra.* O faire affliction, peace.

*Con.* No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:

O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,

Then with a passion would I shake the world,

And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy

Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,

Which scorne a moderne Inuocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you vnder madnesse, and not sorrow.

*Con.* Thou art holy to belye me so,

I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,

My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,

Yong *Arthur* is my sonne, and he is lost:

I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,

For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:

O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?

Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall)

For, being not mad, but sensible of griefe,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,

And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:

If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowes were he:

I am not mad: too well, too well I feele

The different plague of each calamitie.

*Fra.* Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note

In the faire multitude of those her haire;

Where but by chance a siluer drop hath faile,

Euen to that drop ten thousand wery fiends

Do glew themselves in sociable griefe,

Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,

Sticking together in calamitie.

*Con.* To *England*, if you will.

*Fra.* Binde vp your haire.

*Con.* Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,

O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,

As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:

But now I eniue at their libertie,

And will againe commit them to their bonds,

Because my poore childe is a prisoner.

And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:

If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;

For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male-childe

To him that did but yesterday inspire,

There was not such a gracious creature borne:

But now will Canker-lorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,

As dim and meager as an Agues fire,

And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,

When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen

I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer

Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

*Pand.* You hold too heynous a respect of griefe.

*Con.* He talks to me, that neuer had a sonne.

*Fra.* You are as fond of griefe, as of your childe.

*Con.* Griefe fills the roome vp of my absent childe:

Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his forme;

Then, haue I reason to be fond of griefe?

Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,

I could giue better comfort then you doe,

I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,

When there is such disorder in my witte:

O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,

My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:

My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

*Fra.* I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her.

*Dol.* There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull care of a drowsie man;

And bitter shame hath spoild the sweet words taste,

That it yeelds nought but shame and bitteresse.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,

Euen in the instant of repaire and health,

The fit is strongest: Equils that rake leaue

On their departure, most of all shew euill:

What haue you lost by losing of this day?

*Dol.* All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune meane to men most good,

Shee looks vpon them with a threatening eye:

'Tis strange to thinke how much King *John* hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly wonne:

## Actus 2

Enter Hub.

*Hub.* Heate me

Within the Arras: v

Vpon the bosome of

And binde the boy,

Fast to the chaire: b

*Exc.* I hope you

*Hub.* Vncleanly

Yong Lad come for

*Ar.* Good morrow

*Hub.* Good morrow

*Ar.* As little Prin

To be more Prince,

*Hub.* Indeed I ha

*Ar.* Mercie on

Me thinks no body

Yet I remember, w

Yong Gentlemen w

Onely for wantonne

So I were out of pris

I should be as merry

And so I would be h

My Vnckle practises

He is afraid of me, a

Is it my fault, that I

No in deede is't not:

I were your sonne, se

*Hub.* If I talke to

He will awake my m

Therefore I will be f

*Ar.* Are you sick

Infooth I would you

That I might sit all ni

I warrant I loue you

*Hub.* His words

Reade heere yong A

Turning disipituous t

I must be breefe, lea

Out at mine eyes, in

Can you not reade it

*Ar.* Too fairely

Must you with hot I

*Hub.* Yong Boy,

*Ar.* And will you

*Hub.* And I will.

*Ar.* Haue you t

ake,

I knit my hand-kerc

(The best I had, a Pr

And I did neuer aske

And with my hand,

And like the watchfi

Still and anon cheer

Saying, what lacke y

Or what good loue

Many a poore mans

And nere haue spok

But you, at your sick

Nay, you may thinke

And call it cunning,